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# P O E M S.

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*Amicis Candidisque Legenda.*

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P O E M S

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Author (unintelligible)

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## AMELIA'S BIRTH-DAY.

Feb. 14. 1742-3.



ALM and serene, as is AMELIA's  
soul,  
The morn awakes ; and, o'er  
th' enliven'd plain  
Shedding ætherial mildness, ushers in  
The revolution of that happy day  
That gave my charmer birth. The sun himself,  
Partaking of the mighty joy I feel,  
Shines conscious ; and, to man and beast and herb  
Dispensing kindest influence, displays  
The plenteous prospect of the rising year :  
Type of that good thy virtues promise me,  
Thy virtues——endless spring of *solid bliss* !

Not thro' the dazzling glare of *wealth*, nor yet  
Of *outward beauty's* more fallacious shew,  
Do I behold thee ; but with *reason's* eye,  
And as thou art ; mild, humble, good, sincere,  
Made up of sense, benevolence, and truth :

Perfections ! *richer* than *Peruvian* mines,  
 And *brighter* than the day. *Friendship's* dear tie  
 Unites our souls : friendship ! without whose aid,  
 Whose rational, entend'ring, nameless joys,  
 Ev'n love degrades us, sinking into *lust*.

BLEST pow'r ! coeval with *created life* !  
 Uniting GOD, and men, and angels, all  
 With *one* strong-binding chain ! come, and improv'd  
 By love's soft passion, hover o'er our hearts ;  
 There *light*, there dwell, there fix thy residence,  
 " \* Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets ! "

But who can speak thy *sway* ? who can describe  
 Thy many tender, soft, endearing joys,  
 Sensations delicate ! ev'n language fails,  
 And words want meaning to declare thy pow'r,  
 Known only *there* where most it lives and acts.

INFORM'D, dear maid, with friendship's mighty  
 soul,

Our *lives* must speak its *sway* : its sway, conjoin'd  
 With *virtue*, shall improve our joys, our cares  
 Difarm, and antedate the bliss above.

*Death* too shall own its pow'r ; the feeble wretch  
 With equal ease might enter heav'n's high dome  
 And ravage there, as from the mind divide  
 Its *temper* and the *essence* of its joys :

No, we'll defy his rage ; and when we drop  
 This mould'ring clay, improv'd as much as earth  
 Improvement yields, we'll spring to endless bliss,  
 Pure, unmix'd, real pleasure ! and our *loves*  
 Like to our heav'n-born *souls*, shall be *immortal*.

\* Milton.

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## EPITHALAMIUM.

WITH trembling artless hand, again I strike  
Th' unpractis'd lyre ; and, glowing with  
the joy

That marks this happy day, once more attempt  
The love-devoted song : Come, *Hymen*, come !  
With each fond, tender, rapt'rous thought, that swells  
Thy vot'ries breasts, ennobling all the soul,  
Inspire the generous lay : that DELIA's smiles,  
And DELIA's praise, may be the blest reward !

FROM *Love*, from *Love* divine, begin the strain !  
From *Love*, th' exciting cause, the grand support,  
The lasting tie, of being, life, and bliss !

ERST man and earth were not. A useless void  
Prevail'd throughout ; until the eternal source  
Of light, of life and love, his spirit breath'd  
Along the dark abyss. Then matter rose ;  
And passive, yielding to his plastic-hand,  
Earth, water, air, sun, moon and stars, appear,  
And fill their measur'd spheres. God saw 'twas good,  
And bade one ceaseless law of *mutual aid*,  
And *perfect harmony*, direct the whole.

BUT whence the great and wond'rous frame ?  
say, whence  
Such vast profusion of sublime delight ? —————



' From love to man.'—Why melt the balmy skies,  
 And shed ambrosia round? Why teems the earth  
 With herbs, and fruits, and flowers? Why darts the sun  
 His wide effulgence forth, enlivening all  
 The glad creation? Why, the purling rill,  
 The murm'ring stream, the gently-whisp'ring gale,  
 The mellow warbling of the winged-choir,  
 Join in full concert, and the list'ning sense  
 Raise to an extasy of heavenly bliss?

Why—but *to bless man's life* with health and ease,  
 And *ev'ry* kindling joy? For what his mind;  
 Its memory, judgment, and perception strong?  
 If not to improve, enlarge, exalt, refine,  
*His nature's good.* But man's *deficient* still——  
 Too gross his frame, too cramped his mental powers,  
 In high and close communion to enjoy  
 His parent-god; and yet, for converse form'd,  
 And breathing *social love*, no mate appears,  
 Amid the crowds that fill his anxious eye,  
 Worthy his friendship, and his soft regards.

His breast's a dreary *void*. The little strings  
 That carry'd out his soul to something *good*,  
 He knows not what, untouch'd, recoil and *shrink*:  
 The gay delights, that struck his new-born powers  
 With speechless ravishment, now *pall* the sense;  
 And dull, and spiritless, relax'd, forlorn,  
 He seeks the gloomy shade, and asks of heaven  
 To take th' uneasy load of life again.

HEAV'N heard his plaints, pre-purpos'd to remove,  
 For heav'n's the seat supreme of love. Then 'rose  
 Creation's excellence! then, *Woman*, thou  
 With mingled lustre shone, inclosing all  
 That's great and good, majestic and mild,  
 In one fair form! yet, made to temper man,

The

The tend'rer passions in thy frame prevail,  
 And raise, refine, and humanize his soul.  
 In thee, he finds, sweet solace of his cares !  
 The easy natural flow, the soul of *wit*,  
 With innocence and delicacy, join'd  
 In nice assemblage : and, in thee, the best  
 The truest *friendship*, heighten'd by the charms  
 Of graceful action, and of winning looks,  
 That speak a thousand nameless things : his heart,  
 Soften'd, entender'd, and subdu'd, approves  
 The gentle sway, and all his powers are *love*.

MAN, now, was blest. The void within was *fill'd* :  
 The gay delights, that struck, in vain, his sense,  
 By dear *participation* were improv'd :  
 The tender strings that shrivel'd in his breast,  
 Now *brac'd*, to social-music tun'd his soul,  
 And all was harmony, and all was peace :  
 He knew his bliss ; and, in *one passion*, felt  
 Each strong, endearing tye, that links his race.

THUS GOD the power of *amity* has wrought  
 Within the frame and texture of the mind :  
 Thus, private-good on *social* must be rais'd,  
 Or man's felicity's a dream : and thus,  
 By nature's law, is fix'd *connubial love* !

—ALL hail *connubial love* ! From thee,  
 Immaculate spring ! the gentle streams of *life*  
 Run smooth and deep throughout the peopled earth ;  
 Each different current rolling big with bliss !  
 Hence *public-weal*, and all the noble views  
 That warm the patriot-heart ; hence *private-good*,  
 The mother's fondness, and the father's care :  
 Hence, too, fraternal peace and love : and hence  
*Friendship*, the joy refin'd of human life !

AND see ! *Hilario* comes to prove thy sweets ;  
 The gay, the good ! with manly-spirit fraught,  
 And manly-grace adorn'd ! with him, the fair,  
 The gentle *Delia* moves ; in whom appear  
 The winning softness of her tender sex,  
 Mix'd with the sprightly turn, and modest glow,  
 The charms of virtue, wit and love ! while all  
 Give to her dearer self, in each fond glance  
 That meets his raptur'd eye, the surest pledge  
 Of future bliss. Be present, all that's good :  
 Ye registers of heav'n record their vows !  
 And thou, *exhaustless source of love* ! pronounce  
 The irrevocable *Fiat* — “ Both be blest ! ” —

MAY health and peace their dwelling make with  
 them !

With them, be all th' endearing virtues found ;  
 Truth, constancy, and ever-ardent will  
 T' enlarge, and to refine each others joys !  
 Shou'd sad *misfortune* come, as come it may,  
 Then in that heart-extremity, may they feel  
 Those nameless sympathies, those chearing thoughts  
 That peace and soft humanity inspire :  
 And tun'd to such an unison of soul,  
 Be *one* their wish, their pleasure, and their pain !  
 Upbraidings give affliction all its sting :  
 While friendly pity, and the cordial glow  
 To lessen or sustain the mutual load,  
 (If not *annihilate* the sense of pain)  
 Brighten distress, and make ev'n sorrow smile.

YET, be not all their happiness confin'd  
 Within the narrow limits of themselves !  
 O, may it take a *wider scope*, and flow  
 In many little streams of beauteous life,  
 The fruit and stronger cement of their loves !



At first, the objects of a thousand cares ; but when  
 To manly sense, and manly goodness rear'd,  
 The stay and comfort of declining age !  
 Thus may their years advance—one constant round  
 Of solid pleasure, sway'd by reason's laws !  
 The proof resistless of this certain truth——  
*Friendship with Love's the noblest gift of heaven !*  
 And be this other truth with that conjoin'd,  
*Virtue's the base of Friendship and of Love !*



The following PROLOGUES were wrote  
 for the intended Representation of their  
 respective PLAYS, which were to  
 have been perform'd by some YOUNG  
 GENTLEMEN.

## PROLOGUE

T O

PHÆDRA *and* HIPPOLITUS.

IN antient times, when *Athens* reign'd supreme,  
 Of arts the mistress, as of *Greece* the queen ;  
 When wit from judgment differ'd but in name,  
 And polish'd life, and moral, were the same ;  
 The stage, corrected by the nicest taste,  
 Was chose the means to make true virtue last :

Beyond

Beyond the cold perceptive form of schools,  
 Her lively scenes taught solid wisdom's rules ;  
 Search'd the conceal'd recesses of the heart,  
 Confirm'd the good, and made the vicious smart.  
 Then plays, like *Phædra*, fix'd the attentive mind ;  
 Whose honest sense, to nature's sway confin'd,  
 Delighted most in that, that most its pow'rs refin'd. }

WHAT *Athens* once possesst, this isle may claim,  
 In native worth and ev'ry art the same :  
 In sight of low corruption's idle throng,  
 Of *French* refinements, and *Italian* song ;  
 The seat of sense and goodness here below,  
 The scourge of folly, and of vice the foe.  
 Hence, firmly trusting to the just essay,  
 Our patriot-author form'd this noble play :  
 To your chaste hearts exposes *Phædra's* flame,  
 Yet, makes you pity what you can't but blame ;  
 The lovely contrast in *Ismena* draws,  
 Where virtue only yields the fair applause ;  
 Bids you review the glories *Theseus* won,  
 And see them rival'd in his godlike son :  
 Still to support the great instructive scene,  
 To teach what truth's fair forms in Statesmen mean ;  
 Gives the dark subtle *Lycon* to your hate,  
 Strikes you with dread of what his arts create,  
 And then with honest joy rewards you in his fate. }

O ! cou'd this place, and our best action yield  
 The genuine produce of this fruitful field ;  
 Cou'd we the force of ev'ry passion reach,  
 And with *Athenian* skill her learning teach ;  
 Then might we boast the honours of that age,  
 A *Grecian* audience, and a *Grecian* stage :  
 But *BRITISH* taste has made this praise its own,  
 T'admire exalted sense, howe'er imperfect shewn.



# PROLOGUE

T O

## VENICE PRESERVED.

**T**HE tragic muse, by virtue's influence taught,  
Has long refined the heart and raised the  
thought :

Long, on the *BRITISH* stage, enjoyed her throne ;  
Her chosen seat — more loved than *Greece* or *Rome* !  
Whatever arts poetic-niceness plan'd,  
Imposing rigorous laws on *Attic* land ;  
However Fancy, chained by critic rules,  
Was prun'd and modeliz'd in ancient schools ;  
Who, wrote like *SHAKESPEAR* ? who, with force  
divine,

Like him attain'd the heights of true sublime,  
Display'd the pointed wit, the tender strain,  
The pomp and horror of the magic train ?

In order next, a num'rous race succeed,  
That teach the soul t' aspire, the heart to bleed ;  
That make the stupid, feel ; the giddy, sage ;  
And form the manners of a vicious age.  
'Mongst these, let *OTWAY* claim distinguished place,  
Who strikes the passions with peculiar grace ;  
Who has chose unerring nature for his guide,  
And draws each wav'ring thought to virtue's side.

IN

In *Pierre's* strong character to-night you'll see  
 A noble spirit sunk in villainy ;  
 A soul, adapted to support a state,  
 And raise its welfare to a *Roman* height,  
 Plotting fell vengeance for a private wrong,  
 Which *Venice*, ruin only cou'd atone.  
 Forget the traitor, when you've heard his tale,  
 Mourn o'er his fate, and say—that man is frail.  
 But what to sad unhappy *Jaffier* 's due,  
 True to his friendship, to his country true !  
 What for the sorrows *Belvidera* feels,  
 Opprest and tortur'd with a thousand ills !  
 Words can't describe what such deep passions mean ;  
 Expressive *action* must complete the scene.  
 Here then our dread begins ; we want that art,  
 The force of kindling nature to impart,  
 To strike and warm the sympathizing heart. }  
 Wou'd you, ye fair, your native candour yield,  
 Wou'd you, in all the pow'r of blessing skilled,  
 Excuse our faults, accept our best essays,  
 And where we shew some skill bestow your praise ;  
 We'd own the justest ground for thanks was laid,  
 And our imperfect merit much o'erpaid.  
 This single proof will dissipate our fear,  
 If from your charming eyes we draw the pitying  
 tear.

AN





A N  
O D E  
Sacred to LIBERTY.

November 5. 1745.

**G**UARDIAN Goddess of this isle,  
 Liberty! diffuse thy smile!  
 Shielded by thy soft'ring wing,  
 Gratefully thy praise we sing.  
 Infatuate son of priestly *Rome*!  
 Blind frenzy, sure, thy soul impells;  
 That thus with heedless steps you come,  
 To spoil the land where Freedom dwells:  
*Tyrants* shall ne'er success obtain,  
 While Heav'n, and *George*, and Freedom reign.  
 Remember, *Britons*! when the lust  
 Of tyrant pow'r assail'd your laws;  
 When *James*, regardless of his trust,  
 Call'd *France* to aid his hellish cause:  
 Great Liberty's deciding voice  
 Pronounc'd the cruel bigot's fate;  
 Directed to a *worthy choice*,  
 And heav'n and *Nassau* saved your state.  
 A bastard-scion of this stock,  
 With cherished pride next strove to move  
 The basis of that princely rock  
 That's rooted in a *people's love*:

But

But Liberty and loyal Truth

No sooner rear'd their awful head;  
Than, giving one unanswer'd proof  
Of *genuine* birth,---\*the coward fled.

Yet see ! th' invader's restless soul

Renews his impious vain design,

The *choice* of *Britons* to controul ;

Their *liberties* to undermine.

To gild his views, with *Rome's* false art,

He offers what we *now* possess :

But *change* ne'er sways the gen'rous heart,

Great *George*, we *feel*, can *Britain* bless.

Shall *France*, the bane of *Europe's* peace !

The foe declar'd of heav'n and earth !

Shall she those ties of *love* release,

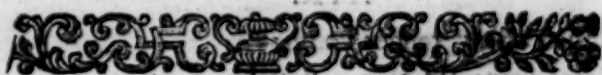
That bind us to such *royal* worth ?

Her

\* I am aware that a few of my readers may object to this (*they* will call it *scandalous*) reflection ; the *personal* bravery of *K. James II.* of which, they will urge, he gave several instances. But before they suffer themselves to be hurried too far by their *unaccountable* attachment, it becomes them to distinguish between valour, as it arises from *principle*, and that which depends merely on the *blood* and *animal spirits*. The one is alone entitled to the character of *Virtue* ; the other is a *blind mechanical impulse*, of infinite mischief to the world when join'd to *power*, and uncorrected by those noble and generous sentiments proper to the human heart, which of themselves, in a time of public danger, will inspire courage, and most *undaunted* resolution.

A love of liberty, from the sense of its high importance, and a warm tender regard for the interests of mankind, are the only proper foundation of *true heroic bravery*. In short, fortitude, in its very idea, involves all the *virtues* of public and private life : whereas a tyrant-disposition, as it secretly labours to *disarm*, in order to secure the success of its cruel purposes, is one of the strongest proofs in nature of *absolute cowardice* ; of a poor, base, abject soul, in which nothing godlike, nothing manly, nothing that can claim equality with the natural instincts of brute-creatures, can possibly subsist.

Her tool of *cruel pow'r* impose,  
 To fill the plan so long design'd ;  
 This isle to make a seat of woes,  
 And in our chains enslave mankind ?  
 O LIBERTY ! our bosoms warm  
 With sense of ev'ry *virtuous good* ;  
 Our country, king, th' ennobling charm  
 Of friendship, and the ties of blood !  
 Each single *Briton* then shall rise  
 A rampart to his sov'reign's throne ;  
 Each then that *sacred life* shall prize,  
 Which who defends, defends his *own*.



A

## C A N T A T A.

## RECITATIVE.

**G***REAT BRITAIN's power*, on freedom's breast  
 reclin'd,

Indulg'd the sadness of her drooping mind.

The *goddess* first the solemn silence broke ;

And thus in chearing strains her *child* bespoke.

## AIR.

Sole object of my *constant care* !

Dispell the gloom that shades thy brow :

The native thunder of thy war

Shall blast those schemes that threat thee now.

Let

Let holy *concord* once prevail,  
 Let *Britain* with her *King* unite ;  
 The craft of *Rome* and *Hell* shall fail,  
 And *France* lament her baffled spite :  
 Assisting Heav'n this truth will own,  
 That *GEORGE* deserves *Britannia's* throne,

CHORUS.

Assisting Heav'n, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Of ancient struggles in her *red cause*,  
 A noble scene th' awak'ning *Goddeſs* draws.  
 With native courage warm'd and honest pride  
 Of conscious worth, *Britannia* thus reply'd.

AIR.

Guardian of my tender youth,  
 Great supporter of my state !  
 Thou inspiring, *Loyal-truth*  
 Soon shall fix *rebellion's* fate.  
 See ! my gen'rous *Sons* agree  
 In *one* sense of common good,  
 Streaming wide from *GEORGE* and *thee*,  
 Dearer than their vital blood !  
 Tyrants daring,  
 Woes preparing,  
 Grateful *Britons* now shall own,  
 To direct them,  
 To protect them,  
 Royal *GEORGE* must fill the throne,

CHORUS.

Tyrants daring, &c.

F I N I S.



